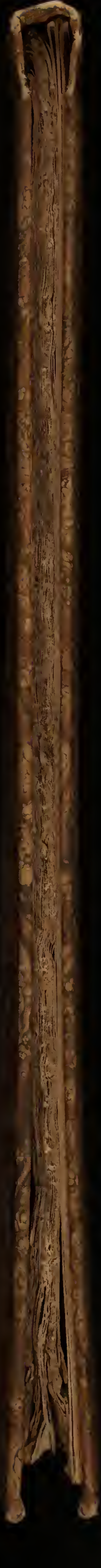




GUIDOTT — GIDEON'S FLEECE — 1684

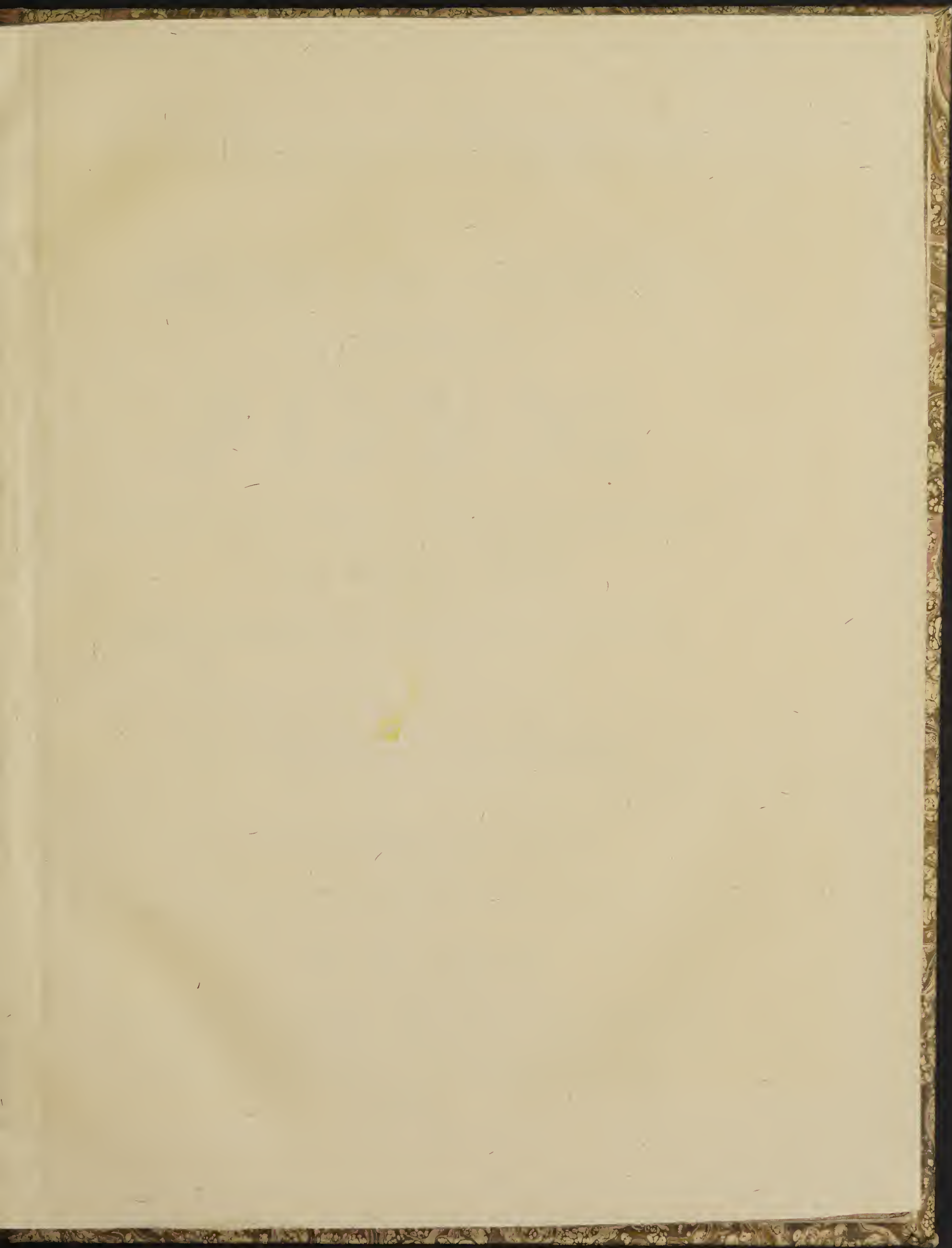






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Thomas GUIDOTT



66916
L.A.7

Gideon's Fleece:

OR, THE

SIEUR DE FRISK.

AN HEROICK

POEM.

Written on the cursory perusal of
a late Book, call'd

The Conclave of PHYSICIANS.

By a Friend to the Muses.

—*Facit Indignatio versum.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Sam. Smith* at the *Princes
Arms*, in *S. Paul's Church-yard*, 7

1684.

Georgius Agricola

De Re Metallica

lib. 1. cap. 10.

1546

Exemplum in Bibliotheca

Universitatis Oxoniensis

1546



1546

Exemplum in Bibliotheca

1546

A
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

Courteous Reader,

Comeing accidentally to a Friends House in the City, a Worthy Member of the famous College of Physicians in London, among other things, I was entertained with a Book Intituled, The Conclave of Physicians, Written by a Doctor of Paris, and Physician in Ordinary to His Majesty, as he there styles himself.

Hear ing my Friend read, and perusing it a little, we were both surpriz'd to find a man, that pretended to the highest Degree in Physick, and the Umbrage of his Majesty, fall so foul on a Society of Men, that ought to be, and generally are, men of the best Education, Parts, and Practice in a Nation, founded on his Majesties Grace, encouraged by his Favour, conven'd and insti-

The Preface

tuted by Royal Authority, continued, supported, establish'd, and endowed with all the Power and Priviledge, the Supream Court of Judicature of a Nation, then thought fit to afford.

Finding also under feigned Names, easily intelligible, and in a Parisian Scheme Calculated, or rather clandestinely Design'd for a Meridian nearer home, gross Reflections, as generally apprehended, on many Worthy Men now living, and some dead; (Fecit indignatio versum) the horror of the thing extorted the ensuing Poem, which, as it is, I freely commit to thy perusal, desiring thee to consider, if in some words and expressions, I have been a little keen and severe, that in this Case, and Thing especially so Circumstantiated,

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

We did then also not a little admire, how a great and stately Fabrick so far East, cou'd so privately, and soon, be conveyed to the West; or how the Presidency, and Censorship of a * Coll. cou'd so cunningly be vested in one Man, who rudely, maliciously, and sawcily exercises more Magisterial Authority, and Corruptive Jurisdiction over the Prescripts, and Receipts of its Celebrated Members, then ever That did over the greatest Empirick, or unauthoriz'd Physitian.

* p. 158.

But considering that in the Opinion of some sort of Men, there is not a pin to chuse between a Conclave, and a College, it may not be difficult to apprehend how so absurd a thing shou'd happen, especially if we take in the Heifer of Envy to solve the Riddle of Malice, the working with which but a very little while, like another Sphinx, will unfold the Aenigma.

A Low Condition in the World, I account a great unhappi-

to the Reader.

happiness, but no disgrace, being what Infinite Wisdom, in an unquestionably prudent Series of Providence, thinks fit to determine; provided it be accompany'd with an humble, industrious, and submissive mind, satisfied for the present, and patiently expecting better things when God shall see fit; but an impatient, restless, and turbulent necessity, that does cogere ad Turpia, such a Poverty as good Agur prayed against, that makes men steal, invade Property, and Common Right, break the Bonds of all Societies, and Laws, and turns men into Banditi, Pirates, and High-way men, such an Envious mean Condition, and no other, I wou'd be thought to expose.

As to what relates to Practice, for which this Capricio seems so much concern'd, those Famous, Learned, and Worthy Men of the Parisian Conclave, whose Reputation, 'tis more then probable, is maliciously pelted, through the Crape and Tiffany of an envious disguise, if it be not thought, as I presume it will, too mean an undertaking, when it comes to their Knowledge, are better able to make a Defence; from which both their occasions and Dignity, may well excuse, in regard nothing material, but is here sufficiently, though succinctly answered, in sense, or in kind; from whom no other answer can justly be expected, then what a Learned Man gave an Antagonist he contemn'd: Audio contra me Scarabeum quendam scripsisse, cui respondere nec dignitatis est, nec otij.

One thing more I wou'd have thee understand, Reader, That what is here said in Just Vindication of the Members of the Conclave, that are concerned, is no way Derogatory to the known Worth, and great Eminence of the Cardinals Exempt; for as the Reach went, the Cloud brake, and the Conclave, like the Israelitish Ground, was partly wet, and partly

The Preface to the Reader.

partly dry, *but* both so inconsiderably, that neither the moistures improves, nor the drought impairs.

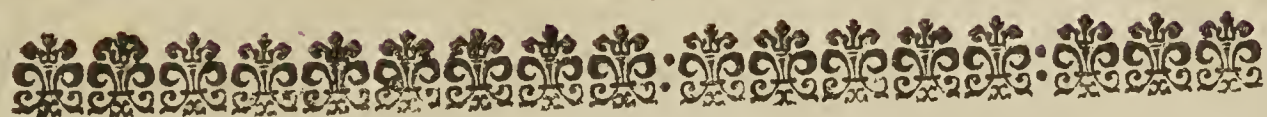
** Introd.* And here I thought fit to mention, That as I never yet had the Honour to be a Conclavist, so *** I do protest, I never yet saw either Pope, Patriarch, or Cardinal; much less can be suspected to have had any encouragement from them, otherwise than the Satisfaction of my own Fancy, and the doing that good Office for others, which they may well think (as mentioned before) too mean for themselves, as knowing the best answer to Calumny is silence, according to that of the Historian,

Convitia spreta exolescunt.

Wherefore, if in this product of a few spare and drolling hours, that now ensues, any Service be done to the Living, any Justice to the Dead, or the least Divertisement given Thee, Reader, is the uttermost aim and ambition of the Author, and thy Friend

Philo-Musus.

To



ADVERTISEMENT.

TO avoid the Bulk and Trouble of *Quotations*, the places in the *Conclave* alluded to, or answer'd, are Paged in the Margin, to which the *Reader*, if he please, may have Recourse.

E R R A T A.

Page 12. line *ult.* read *Naiades.* l. 19. r. *evene.* p
24. l. 3. r. *the.* l. 4. r. *for.*



To the AUTHOR of the
CONCLAVE.

YOUR *Bolt* is gone, and only in this *wise*,
That you so *long* about it did advise ;
'Twas not *soon shot*, the *Malice* was *prepenſe*,
And therefore juſtly gave the more offence ;
But a *mild Judge*, that all things *calmly* hears,
At this time ſpar'd your *Neck*, and cropt your *Ears*.
If you ſcape *greater ſcouring*, by a *trick*,
You'r fitter for the *Conclave* of *Old Nick* ;
It is his *Trade* the *Brethren* to *accuſe*,
And, as the * *Vision* ſays, *Torments* a *Muſe* ;
Yet while time laſts, the *Muſe* proteſteth, That
She will *Torment* both *Satan* and his *Brat*.

* *Quevedo's*
p. 235.

Melpomene.



THE

T H E

Introduction.

Come fierce *Orbilius*, and inspire my Rage,
 To scourge a *Medicaster* of this Age ;
 A nasty Bird, that his own Nest defiles,
 The *Wise* pay him with Scorns, the *Fools* with Smiles ;
 An *Alien* from those *Tents*, whose Rules are fit
 To teach him *better* Manners, and more Wit.
 A gnawing *Cubb*, that tears Dams Bowels out,
 Inform, raw, shapeless, swoln as with the Gout ;
 Hence tho' his *Satyr* style in *Gall* does wallow,
 His Railings are *unfledg'd*, his Curses *callow*.

But can that *Name*, fam'd for *Bloods Circulation*,
 Turn *Holocaust* to Spleen, and Emulation ?
 Bold *Heterodox*, of prostituted Fame !
 Cease to be *Physicks-Zoil*, or change thy Name,
 Degenerate *Mome*, born to confute that *Theme*,
 None of *Great Harvey's* Blood circles in him ;
 Whilst with Self-fancy'd *Names* thou Courts our Eyes,
Thine own is a meer Vizard and Disguise ;
 But see what Venom in his Heart does lurk
 (A *Renegade*, is worse than *Nat'ral Turk*)
 No Vertues can be seen by *Faundice Eyes*,
 Where Malice holds the Glass to *prejudice*:

B

Fool

The Introduction.

Fool that thou art! what ails thy fruitless spight?
Bark on, the Sun still shines with his own light.

But how can'st *Thou* and *Jesuit* disagree,
As great a *Snarler*, and *Make-bate* as *He*,
If's *Bark* obnoxious be, tis a new Fashion
To *sheath* up Argument, and *draw* forth Passion.
What on this Head thou hast *Material* urg'd,
Wee'l then consider, when thy *Spleen* is purg'd.

Gideon's

Gideon's Fleece:

A N

HEROIC POEM.

W^Hen *Isr'el* had done Evil in God's fight,
And he his Scourge had made the *Midianite*;
When sev'n years Yoke and Bondage, heavy grew,
Enough to break the stiff neck of a *Jew*:
Then *Gideon*, alias *Jerubbaal*, liv'd,
One of *Manasse's* Tribe, that then was griev'd,
And by the hand of *Midian* sore oppress'd,
Despair'd of safety more than all the rest.
Poor in his Family, and he the least
Of all his Fathers House, that made a Feast
Of Broth to treat an Angel, to whose lot
Did fall the Present of a Porridge-pot,
A Present well accepted, 'twas the Mind
More than the Gift, the Angel made so kind.
A Thresher not profess'd, but out of need,
Joash his Son, of *Abiezer's* breed.
A mean Estate good *Gideon* did confine,
Is apt to make a bad one more repine,
Fret, that desert, and learned men do thrive,
When he scarce, with the *P*, knows how to live,

B 2

'Twas

4 *Gideon's Fleece.*

'Twas *Naboth's* Vineyard *Ahab* did invite,
 And Envy mov'd this spiteful *Benjamite*,
 To rail at *Isr'els* mighty Men, when he
 A *Mushroom* is, and ever like to be.

Had the wise whining *Telper* been but quiet,
 Mind'd his Broth and Porridge-pot, his Diet,
 His picque and malice then had ne'er been known,
 Or that no flesh remained on his bone,
 But since he loves the word, *Unmask'd*, the same
 Dress does become both *Venus*, and his Name.

'Twas Wheat was thresh'd by *Gideon* *Isra'lite*,
 But men are so by *Giddy Benjamite*,
 Men, whom the world deservedly admire,
 And cannot by so blunt a Tool, expire,
 Men in the threshing put to so much pain,
 As *Giddy* speaks a Thresher, not in grain;
 Romantic, frantic, antic giddy brain,
 Ne're did the like, nor e're can do again,
 An *Andrew* that wou'd well become a Stage
 Had he more Wit, and less of Spleen and rage.

But 'tis what's natural in Spleen-disease
 To have a dullness on the Body seise,
 And those have fits of Frenzy, and of Folly,
 That are oppress'd with *Flatus-Melancholly*,
 Spiteful, Complaining, ne're content with what
 God's Providence designeth for their Lot;
 Malicious, Envious, self-conceited, proud,
 Do their own Praise, and Folly sound aloud,
 Peevish and fretting at anothers Good,
 The true Effects of salt, and sower blood,
 Morose, revengeful, sullen, fierce, elate,
 Still grudging at anothers prosp'rous State;
 Vain-glorious, truculent, puff'd up with pride,
 Think they know more, than all the world beside.

These

Gideon's Fleece.

5

These Fruits grow on an *Hypochondriac* man,
 His Temper brings 'em forth, do what he can;
 The Cure is *Consultation*, 'tis too great
 For any *Hocus* to do such a feat,
 'Tis the concern of skilful men, well read,
 To touch This *Hydra's* or *Medusa's* head,
 And he that but *Pretender* is to Art,
 Had better to a Conclave Griefs impart,
 Than vent so much scurrility and pride,
 And think he does behind a * *Curtain* hide,
 Who wou'd effect the Cure by *Hellebore*,
 And send him to *Anticyra* for more.

* *Introduc't.*

Can any think but *Sieur de Frisk* is frantic,
 When he condemns another for * *Romantic*?

* p. 185.

Or can that man excuse him from a fiction,
 That well observes his * *Manner of adstriction*?

* p. 173.

Can't his *Vulcanian Course*, *Philosophie*
 Of *Staples*, *Stakes*, and *Pipe-staves* mention'd, * vye
 With any part of *Monsieur Scudery*?

* 173. 174.
175.

As if an *Atome*, or part minimal,
 Cou'd be a Wyth, or Stake, at any call;
 Or what determin'd was to humane shape
 Cou'd be a Monkey, or his Jackenape.
 Of what dimensions must that *Atome* be
 Whose Figure with a Staple does agree,
 What was so long impenetrable known
 Is soften'd now, and flexible is grown.

Figures immutable, what makes the Change
 Not less intelligible, than 'tis strange?

Simples, I mean, of which Compounds partake,
 Must be of certain Form, and pristine make.

And I should think that it were easier far
 For any Child to bend an Iron Bar,
 Than for an *Atom* to be turn'd, or bent,

By

Gideon's Fleece.

By any force, less than *Omnipotent*.
 Must not the Staple alway so endure,
 What can agen its streightness reprocure?
 You'l say, the same force crook't it first with ease,
 Can make it streight again, when e're it please;
 Pretty ! but here is doing and undoing,
 Much like a former Matrons formal wooing,
 Backward, and forward, *pro* and *con*, you see
 In *Vulcans* Shop the Chast *Penelope*:

And I shou'd think the Staple must stand bent,
 Altho', perhaps, the salt-stake may relent.

* p. 196. Here better may be said, * *risum teneatis*?

If you can dance, the Fiddle you have *gratis*,
 And if the Pipes sweet melody but aid,
 Stiff-stakes will caper too, I am afraid.

But should I harken longer to this Musick,

I should forget Philosophy, and Physick,

Smiling a little while I now proceed

Upon this doughty *Champion's* doughtier deed.

Can any read this weak Mechanick prater,

* p. 199. And not say, that he is the * *Innovator*,

* p. 196. * *Will with a Wisp*, whose blazeing light intices

* p. 185. Out of the common way with strange * *Caprices*,
 Which if you follow, more truth will be mist,

* p. 197. Than any other * *Fatrosophist*.

Is this the man will not be lov'd but fear'd,
 That plucks the hair off a dead Lions beard?

Drivels as if he still were chewing Mastic,

* p. 194. Moisture as *Excremental*, as * *Phantastic*?

Is this the man, or rather Gut Jejune,

To set all mankind right and into tune?

* p. 120. * Can *Rules* and *Remedies* of Physick put

(As *Homer's* *Iliads* sometime in a Nut)

Into one Sheet, on which all men (no less)

With

Gideon's Fleece.

7

With greater safety, speed, and good success,
May more depend, securely more rely,
Than best pretenders to *Anatomy*?

Is this the ancient * *Method* up to cry,
To pinion *Method*, that shou'd freely fly?
Or the *Dogmatic* Curer to assist

* p. 96.

Against a *Quack*, or * *Pseudo-methodist*?

* p. 100

That is, that will not travel in his way

* *Novel* or antique (antick I shou'd say.)

* p. 186.

* *Good* God! with what a bold, and brazen-face,

* p. 82.

Do some men labour others to disgrace,

Make any *Method* of that Brat the Father,

That is not *Method*, but is *Quacking* rather;

And yet these men to *Method* can pretend,

But tis no longer than 'twill serve their end,

Be down-right *Quack*, and *Methodist* together,

As rain, and storm, in Sun shine; twisted weather.

Is this the man that does so * *featly prate*.

* p. 210.
211.

Of what will purge, fix, and precipitate,

All in a breath? a *Febrifuge* so fine,

So much a Pearl, too good for *Conclave Swine*,

* *Ducklings* can laugh, at what will purge and fix,

* 168.

And may precipitate, but down to *Styx*.

Ducklings a better name can never lack,

Duckling the best, because a *Duck* crys *Quack*.

But to return, and here a little write,

To do an absent man a job of right,

Famous at home, abroad almost ador'd,

Who do's for praise an ample field afford.

Can any think so mean of *Doctor Willis*

But one that's meaner much, and much more silly is,

That he shou'd lay so great a stress upon

* p. 172.

* Two cases, in a great *Phaenomenon*?

As for the Mothers, and the Daughters sake,

To raise in his own Spleen an *Ague-cake*?

Fix

Fix that Disease on Principles unsound,
That with one *Frisk* are tumbled to the ground,

* p. 193.

* *And this on Hear-say?* no man can dispense
With so much Malice, and so little Sense.
Did not this *Great man* often ponder, when
He thought of any thing he had to pen,
Cast much about, consider many Cases,
Take Practic turns, joyn'd with Theoric-paces?
Confer and lay up many things in heap,
First whet his Sythe, and then begin to reap?
Who knew him better, had a longer knowledge,
Than one that spent a small time in a Colledge,
Will say, 'twas so, and no man took more care
Good workmen, and Materials to prepare:

'Tis true he did Compose, and Set alone
Wou'd hear another, that consider on,

But that he was Romantic, or was Rash,
No man can say, but who deserves a Lash
Well laid on by one of his own Profession,

* p. 8.

* As learn'd a *Schoolmaster*, as good Physician.

But what if this be all the *Daughter* owns,
(Who speaks with honour to the *Doctors* bones,)
That she was once his *Patient*, that he gave
Her *Mercury*, but never digg'd her grave;
That she did slumber, far from her last sleep,
The very noise of which had made her weep,
Had discompos'd her in a high degree
And that from blame she thought the *Doctor* free.
What if the Mother prove much more averse
To what her *dead* Physician may asperse?
Both ill resent, and both do much Condemn,
Who private speech will make a publick Theme,
Heightn'd with all the aggravations can
Proceed from an enrag'd, ill-natur'd man,

Was

Gideon's Fleece.

9

Was not this (thus against their wills) a rape,
Who *both* did thus (through mercy) death escape.
These are the Cases, credit if you please,
Thus doted on, in a perplext disease.

* p. 193.

* *In nomine Domini*, can this be the same
To *Honesty and Conscience* * lays such claime?
Whose sentiment was so far in the right,
When *three Physicians* were mistaken quite;
And one shou'd tell him so, *that if he wou'd*
Subscribe to them against the Patients good,
And his own knowledge, he shou'd get so well,
As he can't there express, nor e're should tell.
Where's *Monsieur Scudery*? One of those stories,
In which an honest, but no wise-man, Glories.
An honest man may keep an honest Wh—
And Conscience tell one L— but never more.

* p. 75.

* p. 159.

The great *Sidleian Star* whose glorious ray
Was as the Sun, enough to make a day,
Whose shining lustre fil'd an orb it made,
Tho' now he bee, (as all men) *dust and shade*,
Set in a Clime from Noxious Vermin clear,
And shineing bright in *Empyrean Sphear*,
Enough to teach an Envious man to rest,
For envy never haunts a Soul that's blest,
Painful, and pious, Searching each recess
Of Nature, and the art he did profess,
Endow'd with such a *Soul*, that made up all
Defects cou'd e'r upon a *Body* fall;
Candid, and Tender of anothers Fame,
A good Example still to do the same,
Deserv'd much better Language. But the sport
Encourag'd all, expected from the *Court*,
And disappointed. Thanks my *Muse* do's Sing
To both a Gracious and sagacious *King*,
That quickly found, dislik't, pluck't out the sting.

* Dr. Willey

C

Kne.

Knew tho' the word, *Affeciate*, on that score
 Be in Contempt, as some have been before,
 In an opprobrious way, That to apply
 Unto a *Royal* learn'd *Society*
 Was arrogance, attemptible by none
 But once a *Waspe*, and now a stingless *drone*.

The radiant beames are by reflex divine,
 Like *Moses* Face, that make the *Conclave* shine,
 May fright profaner men, defend till death
 From *Uzzahs* touch, and *Shimei's* stinking breath.
 Who Vilifies what stands on *Royal* Grace,
 Striking the Child, flies in the Fathers face.

The Golden *Chrysofome*, whose mouth and Tongue
 Is one well made, and to'ther sweetly hung,
 Or rather the experienc'd *Ulysses*,
 Who's Tongue is tipt with better speech, than His is,
 Words than the purest oyl much smoother are,
 And than the sweetest butter softer far,
 Leaves the drawn sword to him whose arrows fly,
 Like plagues, in darkness and with secrecy.

To good effect That spent abroad some time
 Saw Men, and Customes, in another Clime,
 Brought back the Vertues of a forreign nation,
 At home well used in a higher station,
 Must be traduc'd by Nick-name of * *DETATTLE*
 As if discoursing wisely were to prattle:
 Ver'ft in affairs at home, and things abroad,
 Must undergo a *Pædagogian* Rod,
 Learned, and well accomplisht, whose great soul,
 Some may abuse, but (justly) none Controul ;
 Learning well manag'd is a double grace,
 'Tis a good band, and 'tis too a good face.

And here I can't but cast a *sheepish* eye
 Upon the *Vervex* in *Anatomie*.

* p. 116.

Gideon's Fleece.

II

A double *Vervex* makes a heavy Busle,
Like *Janus* bifrons, or the *Biceps* muscle:

**Nabal* a *Belweather*, by a mischance,
Where Fate, not Merit, *Cattle* do's advance,
Is here discharg'd, to pick up crumms with *Mus*,
And should love *Majestie*, as well as *Puss*.

Nabal no *Belweather*, but a fierce *Ram*,
That *butts* the flock, and runs at his own *Dam*.

Gideon to *Vervex* ever lent an eye,
That made him pray, his *Fleece* might once be dry,
But here 'tis as the *Butcher* ey'd the *Goat*,
To bind him first, and then to cut his throat.

Is the *right legg* on which an Art do's stand
A mark of Ignominy, or a *brand*
Of vile reproach? That Art must be but *Lame*,
If it can any way deserve that name,
That wants this help to aid, and crutch the same.

The famed *Circle* that the blood doth make,
The *Circuit* it do's round the body take,
A *Circuit* that is but a Visitation,
To help each part, and keep it in its station,
Discoverd by a *man*, whose very name
To haters of Anatomy's a shame,
We justly owe to this *Industrious art*,
Declares the blood comes from, flows to the *Heart*.

Next to the Circulation I may place
Whats near of kin, and much of the same race,
That do's promote the motion of the blood,
A *Muscle* not yet throwly understood,
Protrudes it to the place where'tis design'd
Arterial blood to Venal must be joyn'd,
Eases the thought, with what prodigious art
The blood can move so soon to every part.
The Pulse that (heretofore) sat in the throne,
Cannot in this affair (now) act alone,

C 2

But

* Dr. Lowen

Gideon's Fleece.

But must admit this *helper* to assist,
 Discover'd by a *late Anatomist*:
 Whose greater pain and care, he best can know
 That such *Fatigues* agen shall undergo;
 Whose busie head and most industrious hand
 Much greater commendation do's command,
 Haveing that firm, and sure foundation laid,
 Art will admire, and only *Quacks* upbraid.
 This *Muscle* does the arterie invest,
 And suffers not Arterial blood to rest,
 Which by this means is ever onward prest,
 Was never brought to light, till search was made
 Into what lay so long obscure in shade
 By *one yet living*. ready to maintain
 What's shew'd in Cutts by *Willis* of the *brain*,
 Or *lungs*, or *Stomach*, *arterie* or *vein*,
 Chiefly to give the Fabrick of each part,
 Expects additions from the men of Art.
 That Knife, and Glass, the voyage first began
 That first did pass those streights of *Magellan*,
 Don't yet despair to shew where more things lye
 Cannot displease Friends to *discovery*,
 Glass *Pylades*, *Orestes* was the Knife,
 In Products Anatomick, Man and wife.

The *Milky veins*, contain the Chyle that feeds
 And fresh supplies, of blood and spirit breeds,
 Supports the Fabrick that wou'd soon decay,
 Did not new still recruit, what flys away.

The *duct* conveys the *Pancreatick* juyce,
 Of such necessity, and so great use,
 Into the Gutts, fierce Choller to allay
 That else upon those tender parts wou'd prey.

The *limpid Liquor*, where the Nymphs do sport:
 And all the *water-deities* resort,
 Of *Naiades*, and *Hyades* the Court;

The

The *Nerves*, and whence the branches do commence
To every part those Spirits to dispense,
That quicken motion, and excite the sense,
Keeps Nature in the frame, it should be in,
And shews the hand that moves the work within.

These, and besides much more a numerous train
Of parts that make, and wait upon the brain
For natures *Seeret Service*, and command,
Are products of an Anatomick hand.

Who can this noble, useful art defame,
Whence such advantages already came?
And what may more, 'tis he alone can tell
That knows the work, he made himself so well.

* p. 30.

What is * *Superfluous*, 'tis hard to know,
Good Plants among so many weeds may grow,
That he the weeds must move, that has a mind
But one good plant of better sort to find.

Can such an one * a *Killing Idol* be?

* p. 8.

If e'r was *Alexicacus*, tis he.

* p. 19. 5.

Much greater *Ideots* then * at *Paris* are
Fools of the first rate, any man may swear,

Who do expect to run a race, or go
Without a leg, without a foot or toe,
Without this Art, who wou'd Physicians be
Shall pass for Fools, or Lunatics for me.

* A *yellow cap* becomes his head the best,
And better much then where 'tis rudely plac'd
Instead of Velvet on the learned Crown
Of one of so much honour, and renown.

* p. 60.

But nothing is too sawcy for a Prag,
Bespatters men, and thinks he plays the wag,
Is neither Horse, nor Ass, but (both) a mule,
Heady and filly, whom the bit must rule,
Bridle Command and Whip too must correct,
Who to defame another doth affect.

A

A *Chymist* only makes poyſ'nous projection,
 A *Tomist* pleas'd with none but *Vive* dissection:
 Launces, or rather butchers men alive,
 Thinks that alone can make a poor man thrive.

To *Vervex Junior* something to apply
 That stanches blood from *Jugular* do's fly,
 Intended to do greater mischief far,
 But is but what a *Plethora*, can spare.
 'Tis *Manual Operation* is the Bud
 Contains, wrapt up within, the greatest good,
 Succeeds in *Practise*, to a man of Art,
 Who knows the whole, can better mend a Part.
Physician, or *Chyrurgion* can't be bad,
 That's skil'd in this, and such great help has had.

What if in *Practise* some do chance to dye?
 Was it because the *Monsieur* was not by:
 Or if a *Tendon* punctur'd be or *Nerve*,
 (Which yet needs Faith, and credit must deserve)
 Can such an accident that happens ill
 Blanch or defame an able *Surgeons* skill?
 'Tis real Knowledge, *maugre* all disaster,
 Will make a *Scholar* much out-do a *Master*.
 But what if what do's for ill *Puncture* pass
 Be nothing but an *Erysipelas*?

On which a *Gangreen* may, perhaps, sur'vene,
 And turn about the story quite and clean;
 No *Nerve*, nor *Tendon* wounded, or no pain,
 What then was punctur'd was the *Median Vein*;
 And so acknowledg'd by * the man of Art,
 The first did to a Vein, that word impart.
 Is not a *Surgeons Credit* punctur'd thus,
 Assassin'd by a scattering *Blunderbuss*?
 Charg'd with as many *Bullets* as might kill
Twelve men, if manag'd with more wit and skill,

* p. 43.

Bnt

But now less hurtful then a single Bugg,
 And all may well concenter in one Slug.
 Rather look home, and say thus, *Pater Noster*,
Forgive the daily Blunders I do foster,
Stifle and keep from publick view, and sight,
Tho' others here with faults I charge in spight,
Give Food, and Raiment to a man has none,
And when I ask for bread, give not a Stone,
Yet if a Stone should slip into my gut,
I know to whom to go to have it cut,
To one, I hope, (tho' him I did abuse)
Will not a Patient penitent refuse.
Charge not Male Practise on my younger Age,
Nor on my riper years Malicious Rage,
From Hatred, Envy, Malice, and the Curse,
Of want of Charity, deliver us.

This is a Christian Part, and not to fly
 On Places gawl'd, or strike men in the eye.
 The *Bell* sounds loud, and rung will never break,
 Much better plac'd, then on an *Emp'ric's* neck:
 That's now in middle State, twix't fear, and hope,
 Is a *Vatinus* to a *Miroscope*,
 Yet when he please, of That pretends the use
 As some atonement for a grand abuse.
 A *Bawble*, in another's hand, in His
Omnipotent, and a *Creator* is.
 Wou'd *Par-boile*, *Bake*, wou'd *dry*, and *roast* enough,
 But that another man must find the stuff,
 Wou'd have the benefit of *his own* lash,
 Cou'd he reach further then a poor *Calash*.
 Those that are better drawn about in Coaches
 Are objects fitted for the worst reproaches;
 But n'er the worse for *Rahshake's* great rant,
 A Poor *Physician*, and a weak *Gallant*.

Had

Had he but what the *Fleece* deserv'd, all men
Of idle scribe wou'd abhor his Pen,
A thing of such a foul Prodigious *Genus*,
As far exceeds both great and little *Venus*.

But as a *Guerdon*, for his Clerkly Pains

* p. 13. More wit may be transfus'd into's * *Calfes*-brains.

* p. 188. * *Shagrin* of this concern may take the care,
And *Frisk* be plagu'd materialls to prepare.
Of what great use the *Microscope* has been,
To all Ingenious men is plainly seen ;

* p. 135. And he that laughs at so great help as that,
Needs not it's aid to magnifie a Bat.

* *FÆTUS*, the Glory of his *Alma Mater*,
Buoy'd up with fame in *Practises* High water,
A Sea-mark, which no Pilot but must see,
And by his means escape much misery,
Made for the good of others, and well may
Be pitcht upon by every bird of prey :

Who tho' thereon he drops his dung , no hurt
Comes to this Pillar, high enough from dirt ;
What e'r is thought of *Fœtus*, that's the Child
That has *himself*, and his *own Bed* defil'd,

A hopeful bird, as ravenous, as great,
Like a foul *Harpie*, dungs upon his meat.

He that obliged has all human kind,

By labouring mans *Original* to find,

His *rise*, and *growth*, and how *that Little* can
Was once a *Point*, in time become a *span*,

That *span* a *Child*, and then that *Child* a *man* :

Whose modest skill into those secrets searcht,

That Nature, like a *Hawke*, kept mew'd, and pearch't,
Must meet with men *inhuman* or more plain,

With *Brutes* that rudely will reward such pain :

Gideon's Fleece.

17

A Book of greater worth, I here engage,
Than all the *Quacking Scribble* of an Age,
Venus with all her wandring Train, can't dare
With this *fixt Star*, Lustre, or Light compare.

Another Scene of Mirth must be * *Morbilli*,
Sober, and Grave, that calls to mind *Barzillai*;
Aged, and true, who Complements his Art,
As loth from it, and it from him, to part;
At the same distance from a * *western Bumkin*,
As is a Good *Musk-melon*, from a *Pumkin*.]
Would bring * the *Queen*, o're *Jordans* stream, but that
His *Feet* can hardly go at such a rate;
Wishes her well, and prays no Ill may come
By open Violence, or secret Doom;
Useful to many, whose great Fame and Skill,
His Neighbours *longer cares*, do vex, and fill.

* p. 8.

* *Medici-
na.*

Mus absent, in his place cannot appear,
His Deputie's, * the *Monsieur le Docteur*.

* p. 135.

Sieur Plegmatick, now in his Grave, must be
Digg'd up again, hang'd in *Effigie*:

* Branded with all the marks in *Head* and *Hand*,

p. 110. &c.

Fancy can Forge, or *Envy* can command:

Made the *Chief Butt* for Arrows were most tipt
With Pett, and (more) in Malice double dipt.

Of whom, what here is fitter to be said,

Is, That a *Learned Sober man is dead*;

Ought to have Right, and Priviledge of Rest,

The *Magna Charta* of all Men deceast;

Great in his time at *Court*, and in the *City*,

Stanch in his Judgment, though not madly *witty*.

His *Epitaph*, made by a Man of Fame,

Whose Nature *flatly* contradicts his Name,

Pictor and Poet, does him greater right,

Is the best Antidote, expels the spite,

D

There

There best are read his Parts, and Charity,
 How far from Base, and Sordid Actions free:
 Grandeur, and Candor, if you please to hear,
 Marble can *speake*, and Stone will make appear,
 To him that both together shall compare,
 What *Contumelies* on his Ashes lye,
 Sacred and Dear, to all Posterity.

If whipping *Cat* of Ninetails, or *Strappado*,
 Anointed well with Oyl of *Bastinado*,
 Be justly due to a true *Renegado*,
 What will become of them, that cross the Seas,
 To purchase *Doctor-ship* at greater ease,
 And, at return, affirm their Mushrom Skill,
 Can cure the Men, that greater Art would kill?
 Turn tail to every thing where they were born,
 And think *That* nothing can deserve, but scorn,
 Compar'd with what the *Braggadocio* prates,
 Is had *beyond Sea* at much cheaper rates.
 Vaunt their own great *Accomplishments*, and *Art*;
 As if to all they Science cou'd impart.
 These wou'd be *Bell-weather*s, but that 'tis found,
 The *Bell* is crack't, or has a crafty sound.
Short horns best suit such mischievous *shrewd kine*,
 That nothing *humane* have, much less *Divine*;

* p. 71. * Do's such a false, and idle Tale rehearse,
 As shames his *Prose*, and ill becomes my *Verse*.
 To give *the Painter* his true Colours then,
 The Doctor was desir'd, or call'd, 'tis ten
 To one; or on the old ones tir'd Back,
 A new Disease might come, with fresh *attaque*;
Carus, or *Apoplectick* fit may smite,
 * p. 75. And that might make the *Painter* say, * *Good night*,
 When all the fault upon the *Jesuit* lies,
 * p. 135. * *Good man and true*! without him no man dies,

To whom 'tis malice to assign this Function,
To close up Eyes, or funge in * *extream Unction*.

* p. 74.
* p. 75.

* Who can report *six grains of Salt of Amber*,
Can, but by *Frisk* be thought, to fill a Chamber-
Pot of a Kilderkin? Perhaps, more may
Bring Water in great quantity away,
So this may serve another to expose,
The matter was not much, what was the Dose :
This was enough to raise the Cry, * *Oibo!*

* p. 15.

'Tis *Conclave Cardinals* make Urine so,
The Dogs without, and * *Dock-tail'd Currs*, do miss,
When they hold up their *Cripp'd Legs*, to piss.
The same Untruth and Malice, you may find,
In other things: I hast to what's behind.

* *Introd.*

To shew this *Monsieurs* picque is general,
Spares none, but like to death attacqueth all,
Opens at all, falls foul upon a Brother,
And wou'd, if she cou'd be a man, his Mother,
Sheds Venom on a man of * *Bouncing Fame*,
A man of great, and yet without, a name ;
'Tis not material, *some body* was meant,
What he most Fancies, whether *Dort*, or *Trent* ;
Trojan or *Tyrian*, 'tis no matter which,
The man must *scratch*, if Envy does but *itch* ;
Yet from himself he draws the greatest Blood,
And that way, if a *witch*, may be withstood ;
But 'tis no *Conjurer*, the greatest need,
Is from a *Calenture* he has to bleed,
Passing the line, *distemper'd* he is grown,
Else he the *Conclave* wou'd have let alone.

* p. 83.

The thing's too plain for any to pass by,
The foul Harangue of a fine *Butterfly* ;
* A famed *Norm. Doctor*, that shou'd scour
Unto his Patient, in a Coach and four,

* p. 59.

But for a *Butterfly*, made such a halt,
 As made soft Fire (he says) make stinking malt ;
 p. 60, 61. But what a pretty * answer is there said,
 By the new *widow*, to the *Doctor* made,
 Such as is deeply dipt in a *Romance*,
 And savours much of *A-la-mode a France*.
 p. 193. * Who to their *Institutes* a *Conclave* sends,
 Shou'd see that Truth Intelligence attends,
 That he be well inform'd, and not asperse,
 The *living* Gown, or the *deceased* Herse,
 That famous Person was too great, too high,
 Too wise, too solid, to regard a fly
Domitian-like ; when great concerns were near,
 Then unconcerned, and childish to appear ;
 But grant 'twas so, the Patient might have dy'd,
 Before his Wife his *Quackship* cou'd have spi'd,
 Cubb'd in *Calash*, or on a Winged Steed,
 What e're his haste was, or how great his speed ;
 Since it did so *evene*, I may so say,
 And not *predestinate* mens lives away ;
 Unless this may perhaps be in your mind,
 To frustrate means the *Fly* was then design'd ;
 But did not *Politicks* Divinely erre,
 That *Monsieur* was not destin'd to be there ?
 Who wou'd have scorn'd the *Coach*, and been the *Fly*,
 Put on his Wings, before the Sick should dye.

And since I name his *Quackship*, 'tis but right,
 To bring some of his Virtues into light,
 His Craft, and his *Technologie*, to get
 The Fish that will not bite, into his Net.
 p. 61. * First he before him sendeth out a *Scout*,
 To make his way, and bring the thing about ;
 Instructs his *Emissaries*, sends before
 Such Cattle, then himself knocks at the Door ;

But

Gideons Fleece.

21

But first (desir'd) his *Scout* prepares the way,
 And what an *Artist* this man is, does say,
 Has cured such and such, that were deplor'd,
 And by his Speech, makes him almost ador'd;
 Then does the *woodcock* fall into the Trap,
 And lives or dies, as good or ill shall hap.
 Works off the former * *Physick-man*, that he,
 To kill, may have the greater Liberty;
 Is petulant, and seldom will confer
 About the Case of any * *Sufferer*,
 Without Affront, or Huff, will take a care
 The man he meets, be just of his own hair,
 No joyning else, else no way to comply,
 But *Discord* is the greatest *Harmony*.
 Such *Rascal Deer* do oft out ly the Pale,
 And are not much concerned in the Tale;
 But if they wanton, or too fat do grow,
 The *Keeper* then must use his *Gun* or *Bow*.

p. 62.

p. 5.

* The Nail well *CLENCHED* on the other side,
 Fast rivetted, will ever so abide,
 Cannot be drawn, untill his *Pincers* come,
 That for another left so little room;
 A Nail that's driven with so great a stroke,
 As might one of the *Brother-hood* provoke;
Isma'l, contentious Member, rotten Limb,
Conclave, and *Quack*, are jointly met in him:
 To whom I wish a Temper free from stealing,
 Less of the *Quack*, and more of fairer dealing;
 Or, if he wants an Office, I'd prefer
 To be the *Conclaves* Annual *Scavenger*,
 Provided he himself did well demean,
 Not make more foul, the place he should keep clean.

p. 90.

* The next *Physitian* to the House that's best,
 In spacious *Paris*, sacred in the West,

p. 147.

Must

Must have a flap of *Reynards* stinking Tail,
 Tho' it to hurt him nothing does avail;
 'Twas nothing but because he was not there,
 Had he but come, h'ad cur'd the Pewt.
 But being not call'd in, the man was slain,
 Unhappy much, beyond a Country Swain;
 * p. 148. Two Planets (* *Saturnine*) presage his Death,
 When he alone propitious was to Breath;
 Cou'd give the Lease of Life a longer date,
 Cou'd parly Death, and give a check to Fate,
 Cou'd be the best directing *Gynofure*,
 And knew the thing, did never fail to Cure.

* p. 91. Were * *Russia* Discipline now used here,
 He wou'd his share of *Justice* have, I fear,
 Whose longer Practise ne're can *Maiden* be,
 As an *Affize* from *Execution* free.
 Had such a Custom been in *England*, then
 He never now had rail'd at *better* men;
 Had been a Sufferer by *Lex Talionis*,
 And no body had taken out *de Bonis*.
 This only wou'd *notabile* have been,
 And he out of a *constant course of sin*.
 But since he lives to cast that in the Dish
 Of one, has greater Fame than he cou'd wish,
 I hope all Men will laugh, and no man vex
 At the fly trick of such a *Carnifex*.
 A *fatal Error*, there, perhaps might be
 Unknown to him, caus'd that *Catastrophe*,
 Or time appointed, which *God* only knows,
 Without a Fault, the *Patients* Eyes might close,
 Which here I leave to *men of Art* that know
 What *As'rum* *Roots*, and *Buckthorne Syrup* do;
 Only suggest *Scammoniats*, and *Mercurials*,
 Have made more Slaughter, and procured more Burials.
 ¶
 These

Gideon's Fleece.

22

These are the marks this *Monsieur* levels at,
Too free in *Censure*, ever to be fat,
In scribbling spends himself: Thus *Rabbits* play,
Much rain, and *frisking* washes Fat away.

If any more his *venom'd Arrows* hit,
For I did only cast an Eye on it;
Never have Patience *Libels* to peruse,
That Learned Men, and Worthy do abuse:
Never approve in *Poetry*, or *Prose*,
To hang a man, unless 'tis by the *Nose*,
He that lets loose a *Bull-dog pen* on man,
Will cut his Throat, when e're he fairly can.

Credit is next to Life, nay, greater Bliss,
A better Being, than bare Being is:
Who, unprovok't, another sets upon,
'Tis ten to one is scratcht, if not undone.
To any toucht, if I have not done right,
I will next time *Tarantula* does bite,
Next *Caper's* cut, or the next *frisk* is made,
And now retire from Sun shine into shade,
To meditate upon a *Hackny Fade*.
First from the Worthier men their Pardon crave
Beneath desert, if treated 'em I have.

Here *Gemini* the Constellation shines,
Simeon with *Levi* force together joyns;
* *Simeon* the Doctor does in Van appear,
Levi the Surgeon marches in the rear,
Commanded by *de Frisk*, all three attaque,
And joyntly leap upon anothers back.
Had not this Doctor better staid at home,
Then come abroad to carp, and play the *Mome*;
Whose Haunches wou'd much better fill a Chair,
Then play such pranks, scarce here accounted fair,

Beneath

* p. 14.

Beneath the worth and place of a *Professor*,
To favour *Trigg*, or *Culpeppers* Successor.

Levi the younger *Tribe*, and much more dull,
Famous for *little Brain*, and a *thick Skull*;
Who shews his *Teeth*, that are too blunt to bite,
And hates what he should be, an *Isra'lite*,
The Junior *Vervex* is the likeliest man,
Levy's full inch-thick *Cranium* to *Trepan*,
Where can no danger be of hurt to *Brain*,
Much like a *Rabbets*, when the *Moons* in *VVain*.
Levi the Cursed *Cow* with her short *Horns*,
May curc'a *Pensil wart*, and cut mens *Cornes*,
But if you look for one of greater *Art*,
Gideon can tell where *Vervex* keeps his *mart*.

And here I may both *Prose* and *Poem* joyn,
Embarked in almost the same design,
Profane, *Traducing*, *Dull*, in every line;
Prose without *Grace*, and *Poems* without *Wit*,
Are like a *rotten Nut* has nought in it,
When *Magot* has devour'd the *Kernel*, then
The *Empty shell* is not fit *Food* for *Men*.
Were I to chuse what man I thought the best,
And among *Poets* *Saul* above the rest;
I ne're should think a *Self-conceited* thing
Cou'd be of very *Poetasters* King;
I rather like a *Modest Muse*, that hears,
What others say, and at them pricks her ears,
Then a damn'd *Porcupine*, whose venom'd quill,
Can shed the *Blood* of whom he please to kill.
Is't *Wit* or *Wile*, I'd ask a sordid *Muse*,
In *Prose*, or in *Poet*, to abuse?
Here now my *Muse*, wou'd take a little rest,
Claiming what others want, *quieta est*.

(After a little Pause.)

She's

Gideon's Fleece.

25

She's now refresh't, and travels on before ye,
Into some other parts of Sacred Story.

When *Isra'l* was to try the mighty band
Of his *Almighty Sovereigns* Command,
To cause the force of *Midian* to retreat,
And with 300 a great host defeat ;
Then *Gideon* pray'd, a *Fleece*, if dry, might be
A Signal promise of a Victory ;

His suit was granted ; *Fleece* was dry ; on all
The Ground about a mighty dew did fall.

'Tis now no miracle, the *Fleece* is dry,
Gideon can shew't without a Prodigy.

And to its dryness you may add, 'tis light,
With Pores well stufft with Drollery, and Spite :
Who ought of Argument in it can meet,
Had need of Eyes that are not dim to see't.

No *Vein* but railing, and of Nerves not one
Is to be found in this dry *Skeleton* :

The *Viscera* are all become one Spleen,
Nought else but That, and Lungs are to be seen ;
Nought else does fill the Cavity below,
Except that part whence bitter Gall does flow.

Jejunum does appear the greatest Gut,
Ileon, and *Colon*, are in *Cecum* put,
Cecum's the Babies *Rectum* too, the *Blind*
Gut is so cramm'd, it leaves a stink behind,
A stink does to the Infant most adhere,
Who does himself with his own Dung besmere.

The *Brain* so little, and its bulk so small,
Is next of kin to what is none at all ;
And easie 'tis to think, a thing that's dull
Can come from none, but from an empty Skull.
Yet that which greatest therein I do see,
Is what is call'd *Rete mirabile*.

E

A

A Net well bird-lim'd, spread with a Design
To hasten work; and multiply the Coin.

This was a Voyage for the *Golden Fleece*,
Attempted by a flock of gagging Geese:

Not such as sav'd *Rome's Capitol* from harm,
But such as *Colchos* were resolv'd to storm.

A Crew of Sea-men, strong and lusty Louts,
And *Jason* there, Chief of the *Argonauts*.

But stay——

'Tis not the taking some *Outlandish* Air,

Can make a man accomplisht home repair,
Unless the Root be in him, no good Fruit

Can be expected; 'Tis a better Brute,

A Stallion drest with Ribbon, so well bred,

To leape a Common Brain, and Vulgar Head.

A pair of *whiskers*, and the *Sieur de Frisk*,

Make Art no greater, tho' the man more brisk;

Some *Transmarine*, tho' Hospital Physicians

Have no more Skill than Vagabond Musicians;

'Tis Judgment to the Mill that brings the Grist;

The Butcher sees more than th' Anatomist;

Things too familiar seldome will grow big;

A Grocers Prentice scarce will touch a Fig;

And tho' the Traveller the Cogg more mind,

The home-bred dusty-pole more Corn will grind.

Physick, and all the Care of It is vanish't,

Out of that Breast wou'd have Physicians banish't;

* Writes *Bodin*, *Sueton*, *Seneca* say thus,

* p. 114.

Quintilian also, and *Herodotus*;

If they a Barb'rous action but relate,

The same is laudable in his wisepate;

And what in Foreign parts inhumane was,

Must every where as practicable pass,

Because

Because Some suit not with a peevish mind,
 To All in general he'll prove unkind,
 Taking a Pet (perhaps) at Two or Three,
 Extend his Rage to all the Faculty:
 Rip up the *Bowels*, that himself have born,
 And *Nero-like*, expose to view and scorn:
 But this does too great Honour to him lend,
 Med'cin no Viper is, nor bare this Fiend;
 An *Asiatick* Monster, Meager, Slender,
 Got where wild Beasts come down to Drink, and Gender.
 'Tis best this way an Artist to become,
 And this the best *Anatomy* to Some.
 Who, if they bring this Custom into fashion,
 Should be the first are banisht from the Nation;
 Were all like him to Physick did pretend,
 Most wou'd be plea'd it might have such an end.

Can any think this probable can be;

* *New Observations in Anatomy*

* *Introd.*

Shou'd be discovered more by *one* than *all*
 The num'rous *Conclave*, *Pope*, and *Cardinal*?
 And yet this man *Dissection* to pursue,
 With all the Malice to a *Caitiff* due;
 Here's a plain *Surfet* taken of a Knife,
 Too much of *Pride*, too little of a *Wife*
 Perverteth Judgment, and Debauches Life.

Herostratus, a Temple did inflame,
 To see if that way he cou'd raise a name:
 And 'tis the Province of a sneaking Drabb
 To lend sometimes Authority a stab:
 'Tis a great step to an Egregious *Knave*,
 At one time to attaque a whole *Conclave*:
 And tho' the care be great of Guard and Welt,
 The blow may be, when unexpected, felt.

A Suburb-Cat should mind no City-Mice ;
 Distemper'd Persons need the most advice,
 A Name so great, so famous, cease to wear,
 Or to abuse his Conclave, *Quack!* forbear ;
 And that of *Gideon* evermore decline,
 Or, under meaner Fortune, cease to whine.
 He that would live in Calm, and rest in Shade,
 Must not anothers Name or Fame invade ;
 For who an ill Aggressor once is found,
 Is ever plagu'd still to make good bad Ground.
 Who loves to contradict anothers sense,
 May that way *Doctor Singular* Commence,
 Live an uneasie Life, and when he dies,
 Have this Inscrib'd, * *Doctor of Contraries*.
 But to go on with a brisk Gale and Tyde,
 And after Safely at an *Anchor* ride ;
 Breath of good men, not to *usurp*, but *gain*,
 Saluted *Admiral* upon the main,
 Top and Top gallant, Pendant, Streamer wear,
 Is that which *Contradiction* cannot bear.
 Roughness *one Creature* claims as a true mark,
 And *Curs* may have a property to bark,
Shapeless is one, and *snarling* is the other ;
 Diff'rent in kind, in rudeness each a Brother.
Honour is not in him that does *receive*,
 But better plac'd in him, that does it *give* ;
 He is the *Fountain* whence Respect does flow ;
 The Man is but a *rivulet* below,
 Damn'd up, or stopp'd, by every wash, or fall
 Of a great Tide, or of a rotten Wall.
 The best advance is by *Humility*,
 And none can make so great a Leap, as he
 That first retreats, and then comes on more fierce,
Fetches it further, than I can rehearse.

Gideon's Fleece.

29

I ne're the *better* am, if ten be *bad*,
Nor can one *Vertue* in their *Vice* be had,
I may a bitter envious mind exprefs,
And thereby make my self so much the *less*
But if I wou'd *August* and *Great* appear,
I'd not *deserve*, or no mans *Censure* fear:
Censure but few; not count my self the *best*,
He that *Connives* is sooner at his rest.

'Tis an ill way to be a man of * *Note*,
To take all men he meets with by the Throat;
Expose with all the *foulest* Play he had,
VVhat, with a *fair Construction*, can't be bad;
VVere all due Circumstances weigh'd and clear,
The *Charge* wou'd not so *terrible* appear:
But when one so much *envious freedom* takes,
Censures but what himself observes and makes;
'Tis ill to bring such *Mormo's* into sight,
And then with them himself, and others fright,
Lay Death and Slaughter at anothers door,
That is as far from *that*, as *being poor*.
First *make* a Body of Absurdities,
Then *cloth* it with malicious disguise.

'Tis no good Nature, much less any Skill,
To save the *Patient*, but the *Doctor* kill,
Endeavour, by all means, such to expose,
Are others *Friends*, and only are his *Foes*;
Made so by *Crossness*, and a *Peevish* Frame,
That will allow none else to have a Name.
Envy's the worst Companion e're can be,
Embracing, *Jvy-like*, it kills the Tree;
'Twas *Æacus* did wittily Torment,
And with such VVit was into Torment sent;
There made a *Hellish Judg*, fit for the place,
Some still remain of *Æacus's* Race:

But:

But I can ill allow it to be *wit*,
Folly enough may be observ'd in it ;
Folly the *wit* has so much overgrown,
 That *wit* from *Folly* hardly can be known.
 Some wore their Eyes *abroad*, the Story tells,
At home were *Beetles*, *Moles*, and *Dotterels*.
 Candour becomes all men of greatest Art,
 Not to be too Severe, or madly Tart ;
 Who makes a *Burning-Bull* for others fame,
Perillus like, must perish in the same.
 A *Tyrant* can't but this just Sentence pass,
 Since both are *hot*, and both are made of *Brass*.
 Heel find two things, whoever shall be there,
 To be a *Patient*, and a *Sufferer* ;
 In heat Tormenting that must *suffer* still,
 Let *Patience*, or *Impatience* work its will.
 The *Conclave* ne're will need, nor fear that Fiend,
 That in Reproaches does his Talent spend ;
 But in Contempt, and plain Defiance stands
 With Envious *Quacks*, and boasting * *Scharlatans*.

* p. 107.

To

To the READERS of this
P O E M.

A *Smiter* wou'd let none pass by,
Without a *Blow* or *Calumny*,
And those upon their *Faces* found,
He *jobbernowl'd* against the Ground;
To give an *ease* was general,
* The *Cynick* hung him on the Wall
Of *Æsculapius* Temple, where
Before that *God* he did appear,
And all *spectators* present, saw
A *Rayler*, an *Anathema*.
Believe not *me*, believe your *Eyes*,
A *Smiter* is made *Sacrifice*.

PHILIATRUS.

* Vid. Di-
og. Laert.
in vita Di-
og. p. 388.
Ed. Steph.
1593. ubi
hæc ver-
ba: Τῷ
Ἀσκληπι-
ῳ ἀνέθηκε
πλήκιον.

FINIS.

TO THE READER OF HIS
P.O.M.

A small volume of
poetry, which I have
been thinking of
publishing for some
time, and which I
now send you, I
trust, will be
found to be of
some use to you.
I have been
very much
pleased to hear
of your success
in your
studies, and
I hope you
will continue
to improve
yourself.

Yours
very
truly
J. H. P.

PHILADELPHIA

FINIS

